



**HOBOKEN
AND OTHER POEMS**



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H O B O K E N

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JULIA MATILDA JULIUS.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DEDICATORY POEM TO MY CHILDHOOD'S FRIEND.....	7

LAYS AND LEGENDS.

HOBOKEN.....	13
NÁRIKA, THE SPIRIT-FLOWER.....	17
SYMPATHY.....	20
REUNION.....	21
BUT FOR HIM.....	21
SERENADE.....	22
WANDERING.....	23
TO AONIDES.....	23
TO THE SAME.....	24
ABSENCE.....	24
MEMORY.....	25
TO —.....	27
THE IVY AND THE OAK.....	27
HOPES.....	28
THE MARINER'S WIDOW TO HER SON.....	28

	PAGE
LINA'S SONG.....	29
ALONE.....	30
LEILA.....	31
THOSE EYES.....	32
PROUD FLORENCE.....	33
SOMEBODY.....	34
SING THAT FOR ME ALONE.....	35
CHANT OF THE SPIRIT OF THE ADRIATIC.....	36
THE LEAF.....	37
TO A SOUTHERN FRIEND.....	38
TO BERTHA.....	38
TO MY BROTHER WENTWORTH.....	39
THE SONG OF THE ABSENTEE.....	40
MY HERO.....	41
LILIAN.....	42

LITERARY FABLES FROM THE SPANISH OF IRIARTE.

THE MUSICAL D NKEY.....	45
THE ELEPHANT AND OTHER ANIMALS.....	46
THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE SPARROW.....	48
THE GOOSE AND THE SERPENT.....	49
THE MAGPIE AND THE MONKEY.....	50
THE BEE AND THE DRONES.....	53
THE VIPER AND THE LEACH.....	55
THE TRAVELLER AND THE MULE OF AQUILER.....	55

CONTENTS.

5

PAGE

THE WALLFLOWER AND THE THYME.....	57
THE ERUDITE MILLIONNAIRE.....	58
THE BIG BELL AND THE LITTLE ONE.....	59
THE BEAR, THE MONKEY, AND THE HOG.....	60
THE HOUSEMAID AND THE BROOM.....	61
THE TWO PARROTS AND THE PAROQUET.....	62
THE APE AND THE SHOWMAN.....	63
THE SILKWORM AND THE SPIDER.....	65
THE TWO RABBITS.....	66
THE SPORTSMAN AND THE FERRET.....	67
THE MOLE AND OTHER ANIMALS.....	69
THE ANT AND THE FLEA.....	70
THE GARDENER AND HIS MASTER.....	72
THE TOAD AND THE OWL.....	73
THE FLINT AND THE STEEL.....	74
THE SQUIRREL AND THE HORSE.....	75
THE PARROT, THE THRUSH, AND THE MAGPIE.....	76
THE FROG AND THE HEN.....	77
THE MACAW AND THE MARMOT.....	77
THE OX AND THE CRICKET.....	78
THE BEE AND THE CUCKOO.....	79

TRANSLATIONS FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

DEATH AND HIS MINISTER.....	<i>Samaniego.</i>	83
RESIGNATION.....		84
FROM THE FRENCH.....		85

A WINTER'S RIDE.....	<i>Schwab.</i>	86
FROM THE FRENCH.....		88
THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.....	<i>Zedlik.</i>	89
THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.....	<i>Uhland.</i>	91
THE THUNDER-STORM.....	<i>Schwab.</i>	92
THE SHEPHERD'S SABBATH SONG.....	<i>Uhland.</i>	94
TO THE CHOSEN ONE.....	<i>Goethe.</i>	94
THE ALPINE ROSE.....		95
THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.....	<i>Schiller.</i>	96
SECOND SIGHT.....	<i>Reineck.</i>	97
POETRY.....	<i>Schiller.</i>	98
DEPARTING.....	<i>Heine.</i>	99
WHERE IS THAT LOVELY MAID?.....	<i>Heine.</i>	99
THE STARS.....	<i>Matthias Claudius.</i>	100
THE QUEEN AND THE PAGE.....	<i>Heine.</i>	101
REST.....		101
THE TREE OF LIFE.....		102
AT NIGHT.....		102
HOPE.....	<i>Schiller.</i>	103
THE ERL-KING.....	<i>Goethe.</i>	104
THE DIVISION OF THE WORLD.....	<i>Schiller.</i>	105
REMEMBRANCE.....	<i>F. Matthisson.</i>	107
THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER.....	<i>Herder.</i>	108
LUCA SIGNORELLI.....	<i>Platen.</i>	110
IN SILENCE.....	<i>Geibel.</i>	112

DEDICATORY POEM

TO

MY CHILDHOOD'S FRIEND.

I.

MY thoughts are with the past again,
My thoughts are with the past,
With the happy days of childhood,
Days far too bright to last.

II.

I seem to see my Grandsire's house,
The garden where I played,
And, under the crab-apple tree,
Of shells dolls' houses made.

III.

My Grandsire I remember still;
He e'er was kind and bland;
And Grandmamma, a stately dame,
With ever busy hand.

IV.

She made me a soft pillow,
For I was then so small,
They would not let me ride alone,
For fear that I might fall.

V.

Old Daniel mounted first the horse,
Then clasped me with his arm;
And so we galloped many a mile,
And never came to harm.

VI.

'Twas joy to hear the lark's glad song,
To see the flowers and trees,
To scent the fragrant new-mown hay,
To feel the gentle breeze.

VII.

I see, as 'twere but yesterday,
How I did sit and ride;
Straight was the pathway; hedges green
Arose on either side;

VIII.

And laboring in the fields were forms
That made me shrink with fear,
All clad alike—and all alike
Looked wild: oft they drew near,

IX.

For money or tobacco begged:
And oft their glaring eyes
Met mine, as through the hedge their hands
Were stretched to clutch the prize.

X.

I hid my face in Daniel's breast ;
I could not bear to see
Creatures bereft of life's best gifts,
Reason and liberty.

XI.

Soon Stanly's portals sheltered me,
Dispelled were thought and gloom ;
A kindly welcome waited me,
A quaint and quiet room.

XII.

There china rare in order ranged,
And knickknacks charmed my sight—
A tiny ivory humming-top,
My first and chief delight.

XIII.

Oft young companions met me there,
Then on the lawn we played ;
We hid within the grotto,
Or through the shrubbery strayed.

XIV.

The kindly faces, busy hands,
The sturdy arms are cold ;
All, all is changed : I, once so gay,
Grow desolate and old :

XV.

A stranger rules my Grandsire's house ;
His children, one by one,
Have sought and found a brighter home—
Their earthly course is run.

XVI.

Alas ! how many loved ones gone !
The gentle sisters three,
Who welcomed me to Stanly's bowers,
Dwell in Eternity.

XVII.

Thank God ! no stranger owns their home,
Their brother yet is there,
And still the needy, all unasked,
His purse and counsel share.

XVIII.

An Exile, I, perchance, no more
That childhood's friend may see ;
Long may he live, who ever dwells
Shrined in my memory.

HOBOKEN, *January*, 1866.

LAYS AND LEGENDS.

LAYS AND LEGENDS.

HOBOKEN.

AWAKE, arise, love; it is almost day;
We'll cross the meadows, climb th' adjacent
hill:

Soon will the hazy mists have passed away,
Then on the lovely scene we'll gaze our fill,
Inhale the air, and watch Sol's earliest ray
Burst forth in glory. Who without a thrill
Can view the sun thus rise o'er Hudson's deep?
On such a morn as this, 'twere wrong to sleep!

Fair Hoboken lies peaceful at our feet;
Her well-kept gardens, bright with flowers rare,
Adorn each cottage, and in summer's heat
Mingle their odors with the balmy air.
Those who from Gotham's turmoil would retreat
May wander far, and not find aught so fair;
However, people very seldom prize
That which they daily have before their eyes.

From where we stand four cities meet the eye;
Beyond lies Coney Island and the sea;
And church and tower against the deep blue sky
Could look no brighter were this Italy.

I've seen Italian skies, and do not sigh
To wander more—except it be with thee.
Ah! wherefore, dearest, should we farther roam,
When nature is so lovely round our home?

Let us descend the steep and pass the lake—
The sylvan lake, in winter frozen o'er;
Then children slide, and graceful skaters make
Their circling evolutions by the score.
Our old and favorite ramble we will take
Through fields Elysian; not those famed of yore
Could ever have as many charms for me
As these in which I wander, love, with thee.

The pensive exile, wandering 'neath these trees,
Finds here some semblance of his native land,
No matter whence he sprung: the balmy breeze—
The river's bend—the ships—the rocky strand—
The gloomy woods—the smiling hill; he sees
Around him beauty, nature fair or grand;
His heart is moved, and so he thinks to find
A likeness to the home he left behind.

The fair anemone and violet sweet
Carpet in early spring this leafy shade;
The starlike flow'rets springing at my feet,
To me seem whispering of an English glade;
Of one I never more on earth may meet,
For o'er her grave such blossoms bloom and fade.
Ah! *in memoriam*, when I am dead,
Plant the anemone above my head.

We near the Sibyl's cave, so let us pause,
A draught of her elixir to obtain;
Come, quaff the sparkling liquid—it restores
Vigor and strength to body and to brain;
Its virtue, to my mind, deserves applause
Beyond Veuve Cliquot's world-renowned cham-
pagne,
Because, however freely you partake,
You never have a headache when you wake.

Gaze upwards to the beetling crag—behold
With Castle Point the lovely landscape crowned,
Majestic, like some knight's abode of old,
Of solid stone by time and moss embrowned.
This, and the wide domain that lies around,
Is by the wealthy Stevens owned, controlled;
The very boats that traverse to and fro
From hence o'er Hudson's tide, to him we owe.

Circled by lawn and gardens bright and fair,
His dwelling is a paradise indeed;
And here, in summer's heat, with kindness rare,
He bids our children all a welcome: freed
From school's restraint, they feast on dainty fare,
And dance or gambol on the flowery mead.
Ah! many a summer be he spared to live,
Who pleasure to our children loves to give.

Why do I turn away? Low is the tide,
And the retreating wave has washed ashore
Fragments of storm-rent barks; collected, dried,
They'll yield to poverty a welcome store.

But the same wave that left these planks may hide
The unburied dead we search for and deplore.
So, when I gaze on waifs cast from the sea,
I scarce know why, sadness steals over me.

Enough of sadness; on a morn like this,
Grief is but transient—passes swift away,
Like fleecy clouds dissolved by Phœbus' kiss.

When nature smiles around so bright, so gay,
The sense of life itself is surely bliss:

The church too, where to nature's God we pray,
Reflects from painted lattice dazzling light—
Even the solemn ivied tower looks bright.

Here is a city's luxury, combined

With nature's beauty!—Thespian art and song,
Music, and books to elevate the mind,

And social converse, such as should belong
To people educated and refined;

Not even winter should to us seem long,
For then, if these sweet early walks are o'er,
We've still our German Club—what need of more?

What need of more, e'en for the young, the gay?

For me, when ice forbids me more to roam,
By my own fireside I'm content to stay;

And pondering o'er some favorite author's tome,
More pleasant find than concert, ball, or play;

For, after all, there *is* no place like home!
Come, dearest, come, thither our footsteps wend—
We've rambled far, our walk is at an end.

NÁRIKA, THE SPIRIT-FLOWER:

A LEGEND OF THE CRIMEA.*

I.

NÁRIKA, a blue-eyed maiden,
Once dwelt in this world of ours,
Dwelt where Azov's dark wild waters
Lave the base of Rostov's towers:

II.

Rostov of the gleaming spires,
Of the blossom-scented air,
Still its maids of matchless beauty
Speak of Nárika the fair.

III.

Fair she was, and many sought her,
Sought to win her for a bride;
Thus she spoke, with gentle accents,
Ever thus their suit denied:

* Rostov, on the sea of Azov, is remarkable for its numerous churches and its skilfully cultivated gardens: there the women have a great reputation for their beauty; there also has love found many fervent worshippers; but with love comes often sorrow, even despair. The legend runs, that the souls of those young girls who, unable to support grief and disappointment of the heart, are mowed down prematurely by the unpitying hand of death, take refuge in the chalice of a little blue flower, something similar to our own Forget-me-not (*Myosotis*). This flower, if gathered by a young maiden on a certain day of the year, informs her, by retaining its freshness or by quickly withering, if the heart of him who addresses her is sincere or false.

Whence originates this legend? Does it come from the poetical feeling frequently found among primitive and half-civilized colonies? Is it not rather, on the contrary, the trace of former more enlightened people, whose traditions have survived themselves?

IV.

“Do not seek for more than friendship,
Do not ask a pledge from me,
All I ever loved was freedom,
Sunshine, flowers, and melody.

V.

“Cold I am not—yet forgive me
That I wed not till I love
One far more than birds or flowers,
Better than the stars above.”

VI.

Yet, ere summer's flowers faded,
Storm-tossed barks neared Azov's shore—
One was saved—but Azov's maiden's
Peace was wrecked for evermore.

VII.

Still she prized her sea-girt bowers,
But she wandered not alone;
Dearer now the hand that plucked them
Than the blossoms in her zone.

VIII.

He who culled them softly whispered—
“Ere these flow'rets bloom again,
I shall cull a fairer flower,
Nárika my bride I'll claim.”

IX.

Soon his vessel ploughed the ocean,
Sailed away from Azov's shore,
Soon the azure flow'rets blossomed—
But the false one came no more.

X.

Hope's fair blossoms, long so cherished,
Faded one by one away,
Then the blue-eyed maiden's spirit
Trembled from its earthly clay.

XI.

Zephyrus in pity blended
Dying perfume—love's last sighs :
Now on Azov's banks are blooming
Spirit-flowers with azure eyes.

XII.

Gather them in Autumn, wear them,
If a lover's truth you'd test ;
Watch them if they bloom or wither
While they lie upon your breast.

XIII.

Should they still retain their freshness,
Steadfast is his constancy ;
But, if they should fade or wither,
Trust him not, for false is he.

XIV.

Do not scorn this simple legend,
Do not doubt its mystic power,
But regard with tender pity
Nárika, the Spirit-Flower.

S Y M P A T H Y .

O SYMPATHY, sweet sympathy !
Hadst thou been mine, I could have borne
To struggle 'gainst Fate's darkest tide ;
But wronged and injured, crushed and blighted,
My spirit's yearnings unrequited,
Like some fair tree by winter shorn,
I lived a death-like life, and sighed
For sympathy, sweet sympathy !
I sighed for the warm breath of sympathy.

O sympathy, sweet sympathy !
Now thou art mine, I well can bear
To wrestle with this world's unrest,
When winter's blast no longer freezes,
The leaflets ope to gentle breezes,
And grief no longer brings despair
To chill this heart, since it is blest
With sympathy, sweet sympathy !
So blest with the warm breath of sympathy !

REUNION.

AND shall I see thee, dearest, once again,
Again those accents of affection hear?
And is it really true that thou art near,
That thy approaching bark is on the main?

To me has life such sad experience taught,
Such disappointment, sorrow, and unrest,
That now I scarce can deem myself so blest ;
Thus even joy with anxious dread is fraught.

'Twere joy indeed to meet, no more to part ;
Here, far from those I love upon the earth,
Exiled from the dear land that gave me birth,
'Twere bliss almost too great for the worn heart.

Yon lake seems bright 'neath cloudless skies, but
there
Dark forests on its shore lie imaged too—
So when the future I would hopeful view,
The darksome past o'ershades the prospect fair.

BUT FOR HIM.

O H ! I am sad and weary of this life
Of disappointment, bitterness, and strife.
The sands of life, all clogged by lonely tears,
Drop heavily and fitfully ; yet one

I know would grieve if all were gone—

One, who has loved me from his earliest years :
Ah ! but for him I'd shake life's hour-glass,
To make the useless grains more swiftly pass.

SERENADE.

O RUSTIC cottage, still and small,
Bathed in the moon's soft light,
That beams alike on hut and hall,
I watch thee all the night ;
Know'st thou a treasure in thee lies ?
To steal it were a sin.
Dear little cot, guard well thy prize,
And let no thief within.

O ! rustic cottage, still and small,
Whose shall thy treasure be ?
No fairer graces court or hall ;
Is there, then, hope for me ?
Dear little cot, guard well thy prize,
Guard it alone for me.

O ! rustic cottage, still and small,
I'd steal thy gem from thee,
For, safer than in court or hall,
Clasped to my heart 'twould be,
But that thou'rt sacred in my eyes ;
To rob thee were a sin :
So, little cot, guard still thy prize,
But lock me too within.

W A N D E R I N G.

(FOR MUSIC.)

LET me wander—I must wander—
 Hark! the call each zephyr's bringing;
 Trees are rustling, grasses quiver,
 Streamlets murmur, birds are singing;
 Let me wander, let me wander,
 That alone is joy to me!

Through the woods and through the meadows,
 Through the valleys, over mountains,
 Where unfettered breezes hover,
 Over seas, by peaceful fountains—
 Let me wander, let me wander,
 Like the zephyrs wild and free.

Let me wander—I must wander—
 Yet for thee I'll e'er be singing
 All the airs and sweet old legends
 To my mind such scenes are bringing;
 Let me wander, let me wander,
 That alone is joy to me!

TO AONIDES.

MOMENTS there are when o'er the fevered soul
 Rush Heaven-born thoughts that will not
 brook control;
 Soft-wingèd, silently they come and go,
 Like Spring's high tide or Autumn's early snow,

Sweeping unbidden o'er the prostrate mind,
To leave no trace save glistening drops behind,
Tears that are not all grief—but fertilize
The soil whence beauteous flowers perchance may
rise.

Thought evanescent ever still is best,
Though rarely in the fittest words expressed;
Now if from Fancy's misty pearls a flow'ret rise,
Thou art not near to rear it—ere it blooms it dies !

TO THE SAME.

POESY, darling ! ask it not of me,
My soul's no more attuned to melody ;
Wild, inharmonious are the thoughts that throng
My brain—I cannot breathe them forth in song ;
The poesy of life for me is past.
As the neglected lute, swept by the blast,
Sad discord wails from its dissonant strings,
My lonely soul in rugged murmurings
Moans, till the storm rends its last chord in twain,
“ Life's poesy, once lost, ne'er comes again.”

ABSENCE.

O H ! would I were a star !
Then, though unrecked of, voiceless and afar,
I still could gaze on thee,
And light, perchance, a cruel destiny
That kept thee yet below ;

I'd watch thee patiently, content to know
That when Fate set thee free,
Thy soul would seek its rest in Heaven with me.

Oh ! would I were the wind !
From North to South, from East to West, to find
The long-lost absent one
I'd rove—nor weary till my task were done.
With no complaining sound
I'd grieve thee, darling, if thou wert but found,
But with love's gentlest sigh
I'd steal within thy arms, content to die.

Alas ! no star am I,
And may not gaze upon thee from on high,
Nor, like the wind, can rove
Through the world's wide extent to prove my love.
There's nothing left for me
But Hope, unwav'ring Faith, and Constancy ;
So I submit to Fate,
And weep for thee, and pray for thee, and wait.

MEMORY.

FORGET the Past ! no, rather let me die,
Though I have borne what few could bear,
and live
To me no pleasure now the world can give
Equal to musing o'er the days gone by.

All joy is past for me; full well I know
That doom is mine—yet will I always keep
The bygone in remembrance—when I sleep
And when I wake, till Fate shall lay me low.

Is death perhaps a trance? in that dark night
Can blissful visions of the Past appear?
I shall not fear to die if mem'ry cheer
E'en the lone sepulchre with heavenly light.

Let but one thought survive when Time shall reap
Me down—then, though the dust to dust return,
And the spent lamp of life no longer burn,
I shall not die at all—but sweetly sleep.

Yet if both body and soul lie motionless,
Pierced by one mortal shaft—if memory perish,
And pleasures of the Past no more may cherish,
And all is buried in forgetfulness,

In that great day when the world breaks her slum-
bers,
I shall revive—and then the thought suspended
Shall first on those with whom in life it ended
Be fixed, amidst the assembled countless numbers.

Memory we then shall need no more—above
We cannot part, nor dull Oblivion's night
Come o'er us, where we ever live in sight
Of all our bliss, of all we wish, of all we love.

TO

BELoved! I may not syllable thy name
 E'en in my dreams, and yet to tame
 The wild unspoken longings of my soul
 Demands a power beyond my own control;
 For where thou art my spirit too will dwell,
 Nor would I, if I could, the thought repel,
 That, though on earth we never more may meet,
 Thy kindred essence strives my own to greet.

* * * * *

At eve, when all is still, I dream again
 Of bygone hours; in Memory's chain
 Each golden linklet binds my heart to thee,
 And who from such sweet trammels would be free?
 Alas! that stern realities should make
 The spell-bound mind to life's sad truth awake.

THE IVY AND THE OAK.

ROUND a young Oak, an Ivy fondly twined,
 And heeded not the whispering of the wind,
 That vainly sought to chill her growing love,
 And woo her for a Poplar far above.

'Tis years since then—that Oak at last
 Has lost its verdure, and is fading fast,
 Yet the Ivy quits not the sapless tree.
 Ah! say, canst thou boast of such constancy?

H O P E S.

(SONG.)

H O P E S of youth—
 Lightning brief.
Hopes of truth,
 End in grief.
 Hopes of Love!
 Heaven above
May show us such, but here below
Hopes end in naught save hopeless woe.

Hopes of age,
 Still more vain,
Hopes presage
 Tears and pain,
 Hopes of gold!
 Death so cold
May give us heavenly wealth—below
Hopes end in naught save hopeless woe.

THE MARINER'S WIDOW TO HER SON.

O H! brave not the treacherous ocean,
 That ocean so fatal to me,
But yield to my heart's deep emotion,
 This heart which beats only for thee.
Full well even now I remember
 Thy father's sad fate with a sigh,
That wild, stormy night in December,
 When the fierce, raging billows rose high.

I know 'tis affection that urges
Thy voyage to yon distant shore,
'Tis for gold thou wouldst tempt the dread surges,
That thy mother may labor no more;
But e'en if Australia's vast treasure,
Or if India's wealth could be won,
And riches be mine without measure,
They'd be worthless without thee, my son.

Bethink thee my years are fast fleeting,
This world yields me little of joy;
If thou leav'st me, dream not of our meeting
On earth—but in heaven, my boy!
Then brave not the treacherous ocean,
Which can only bring sorrow to me,
But yield to my heart's deep emotion,
This heart which beats only for thee.

LINA'S SONG.

I CARE not for the brilliant throng,
The slaves of etiquette,
Who nightly meet for dance or song,
And part without regret;
I ne'er can feel at ease
To list the flatterer's tone,
With such, with such as these
My heart is all alone.

And if I welcome with a smile
The uncongenial crowd,
And hide the scorn I feel the while,
And tame my spirit proud,
I yield to their control
Who claim me for their own,
Yet leave my burdened soul
Unheeded and alone.

They deem their Lina but a child,
Who should obey them still,
But soon they'll find her spirit wild
Assert a woman's will;
For one with manly breast
And sympathetic tone
Has whispered, "Loved one, rest,
Thy heart is not alone!"

A L O N E.

ALONE! Alone!
Oh, yearning heart, be still!
Thy throbbings wild are vain;
Thou never mayst again
That inward void refill.
It was not always so;
Once, life was a bright dream
Of love: that transient gleam
Is o'er—so onward go
Alone, ever alone!

Alone! Alone!
 Be brave, poor earth-worn heart;
 Though happiness be flown,
 Grief, such as thou hast known,
 Has winged her latest dart:
 The love thou hast to give,
 Bestow upon the wind,
 To waft to heaven:—thou'lt find
 Not here the long-sought—live
 Alone, ever alone!

Alone! Alone!
 Would that this heart were stone!
 A drear monotony
 Itself is misery.
 Ah! who can live alone?
 Memories of joys gone by
 Suffice not—soul seeks soul—
 The heart knows no control,
 And *will* be loved or die
 Alone, ever alone!

 L E I L A .

(SONG.)

L EILA! 'tis a joy to me
 To read the soul-light in thine eyes;
 Something there I find appealing
 To all my cherished sympathies,
 Something to my heart revealing

The long-sought, found at last in thee ;
Leila, Leila, yes ! in thee.

Leila ! what I wished to find
Was not alone a lovely face,
Not a beauty half distracting,
But, dearer far, a nameless grace,
Something higher, mind-attracting :
In thee is all I sought combined ;
Leila, Leila, yes ! in thee

THOSE EYES.

(SONG.)

AH ! those eyes, those brilliant eyes,
Whene'er their light I see,
In my heart sweet thoughts arise
I fain would breathe to thee.

I'd tell thee how thy glance has fired
A breast till now deemed cold,
I'd whisper all I've hoped, desired—
My inmost soul unfold.

Ah ! those eyes, those brilliant eyes,
Whene'er they beam on me,
The thoughts that in my heart arise
I dare not breathe to thee.

PROUD FLORENCE.

O FLORENCE, proud Florence! all nature is
gay;

The sun's ardent beams chase the dark clouds away;
And will not the warm gaze that rests on thee now
Efface all thy coldness, the frown from thy brow?

Ah! what is the sunshine compared with thy smile,
The smile that is never for me?

Its remembrance alone serves this heart to beguile,
When pining in absence for thee.

The roses are blooming—the birds on the wing—
Their perfume and music the soft zephyrs bring;
But dearer to me were the wintry wind's moan,
If wafting thy voice's melodious tone.

O Florence, proud Florence! that nature is stern,
Which, spite of all precept, refuses to learn
That the spirit of woman on earth, as above,
Should be tempered with mildness and hallowed by
love.

Thou know'st that I love thee, thou know'st that my
heart

Has long been devoted to thee;
But I feared, if I ventured that love to impart,
Repelled by thy coldness to be.

Thanks! Florence, *my* Florence—I call thee mine
now

That a smile wreathes thy lip and the frown leaves
thy brow,

And a lovely blush mantles thy cheek at my gaze,
Like Alpine snow roseate, beneath the sun's rays.

S O M E B O D Y .

O VER the wide rolling sea,
There's a heart beating for somebody ;
This thought's a solace to me,
Somebody's thinking of somebody :
Desolate, hopeless, alone,
Still I am cherished by somebody ;
One heart responds to my own ;
What were this life without somebody ?

Bright hopes have vanished and fled,
Dark is life's pathway to somebody,
Fate brings me naught in their stead,
Save the remembrance of somebody.
Often despair fills my soul,
Yearning too fondly for somebody ;
While the dark clouds o'er me roll,
Starless the sky seems to somebody.

Ev'ry cloud hideth a ray ;
Sunshine may yet beam on somebody ;
"Sorrow is but for a day,"
Long though the time seem to somebody.
Hark ! o'er the wide stretching main,
Hope softly whispers to somebody—
Once there'll be meeting again—
Oh ! then how blest will be somebody.

SING THAT FOR ME ALONE.

SING that for me alone—
It seems to breathe of joys too pure to last :
There come with every tone
Bright visions of the happy days long past ;
Think not 'twill cease to please,
Like witless tales oft told ;
Enchanting tones like these
Can surely ne'er grow old !
Then sing for me alone
The melody of joys too pure to last,
That brings with ev'ry tone
Bright visions of the happy days long past.

Sing that, and that alone ;
I could not bear that any other strain
Save that I call my own
Should break the spell—so, sing me that again ;
No other voice save thine
Thus vibrates through my soul ;
No other heart but mine
Thy thrilling notes control ;
Then sing for me alone
The melody of joys too pure to last,
That brings with every tone
Bright visions of the happy days long past.

CHANT OF THE SPIRIT OF THE ADRIATIC.

(Suggested by GEORGE SAND'S "L'ORCO.")

CHILDREN of Venice, laugh, and dance, and
sing!

For you has night no darkness, winter brief

No frost, and even life no grief?

Earth's gayest people have ye ever been,

Of every city art thou, Venice, queen!

Who dares to tell me, no?

Whence comes that whisper low

That Venice is no more

The Venice as of yore?

Children of Venice, laugh, and dance, and sing!

Children of Venice, laugh, and dance, and sing!

The Eagle o'er the Lion floats—rejoice,

Nor heed the Adriatic's voice,

Whose mournful accents murmur in the blast,

"Fair daughter of St. Mark, thy glory's past."

Who dares to tell me *no*,

Is Austrian and my foe—

In Venice are no more

Venetians as of yore.

Children of Venice, laugh, and dance, and sing!

THE LEAF.

DESOLATE, fallen from the bough,
Poor withered leaf, where goest thou?
Why art thou sapless, sear, and pale,
Drifting along the blust'ring gale?

"I go, not where it pleaseth me,
But to fulfil my destiny.
Once dwelt I mid the fairest flowers,
Bright sunshine marked those happy hours,
Till the branch snapped that was my stay,
Casting me ruthlessly away—
Me, who had trusted well and long
The treach'rous bough that looked so strong,
So green, so fair, that none had deemed
That it were other than it seemed.

"From Faith, and Hope, and Sunshine riven,
Now by th' inconstant wind I'm driven,
Carried where'er the zephyr blows:
Drifting with the leaves of the rose,
And following the laurel leaf,
I murmur not, for vain is grief.
Rest is not found on earth, I know—
I go—but where all things go."

TO A SOUTHERN FRIEND.

SING me a song of thy own dear land,
 My soul is dark to-night;
 Tell me again of that sunny strand,
 'Twill bring me back to light.
 Sing of climes where palm-trees grow,
 Of thy home by the far-off sea,
 Of that beauteous land where I ne'er may go,
 Save in spirit thus with thee—
 In spirit thus with thee.

Would I could visit that rocky shore,
 Those fields of golden maize,
 Watch the dread waves as they rise and roar,
 On hill and valley gaze!
 That may not be—thy voice's tone
 Sings of climes that I ne'er may see;
 Here must I live, and live alone,
 But my spirit dwells with thee—
 My spirit dwells with thee.

 TO BERTHA.

(ACROSTIC.)

B E ever as thou art, in after-years,
 E steemed by all who know thy gentle grace,
 R esembling her who now so fondly rears
 T hy youth, in character as well as face;
 H er care has made thee, Bertha, what thou art—
 A h! cherish that remembrance in thy heart!

TO MY BROTHER WENTWORTH.

(OCTOBER 11th, 1858.)

I FAIN would sing to thee,
And in this festive hour bear a part,
But fear a verse from an o'erflowing heart,
Made heavy with accumulated tears,
Will ill express how blest in coming years,
How glad I'd have thee be,
Beloved one, how glad I'd have thee be.

The rainbow glads the skies,
Though charged with drops drawn from the
troubled deep;
And when 'tis seen, we deem the angels keep
Bright watch above us, and the storm control
That threatened to o'erwhelm the fainting soul.
So let my song arise,
Beloved one—e'en my sad song shall rise.

Of yore, from poet's tongue
Fell words prophetic of the dim *To be*;
And if kind Fate fulfil my augury,
Thou wilt be blessèd—future years shall chase
Each other's shadows—even sorrow's trace;
Nor have I vainly sung,
Beloved one, I have not vainly sung.

THE SONG OF THE ABSENTEE.

'TWIXT thee and me the heaving billows roll,
Yet wingèd fancy cheers my drooping soul.
I hear no more thy voice's gentle tone,
Yet who can say that I am all alone?
While this sweet thought consoles my throbbing
heart,
"Nor time nor space can kindred spirits part."
The very distance even seems to me
A means of nearer communing with thee,
Not bodily—no, fondly as I yearn
To gaze on thee, I may not yet return,
Nor canst thou o'er the wide Atlantic roam,
To seek me in my distant western home.

But when I view the sun sink in the sea,
I know he rises o'er my land and thee;
And when his early rays light me again,
His glorious setting gilds *thy* western main;
So, darling, thou art sleeping when I'm waking,
And when with thee 'tis day, repose I'm taking.
But oft, at night, do not our spirits stray
Far from their earthly tenements of clay?
Yes, dearest, yes! I feel thou'rt with me now;
Thy presence seems to calm my fevered brow.
Thus be thou ever with me, I with thee,
Though 'twixt us rolls the ever-rolling sea.

MY HERO.

BELLS pealed for victory ;
With banner and with drum
I saw his regiment come—
My hero, where was he ?

“ Missing in action ”—more
Knew none of his sad fate ;
They bade me hope and wait ;
Now, even hope is o’er.

Bravely he fought and well,
Yet, nameless and unknown,
Nor cross nor sculptured stone
Marks where my hero fell.

More I may never know ;
His blood for thee was shed,
Columbia—his head
Upon thy breast lies low.

Land where my hero lies,
He whom I loved so well,
Since ’twas for thee he fell,
Thou’rt sacred in my eyes.

LILIAN.

G O to thy rest, pale flower,
Rest from the blight of care,
Sheltered from wintry air,
From summer's sultry hour.

I hoped, my flow'ret sweet,
To see thee bloom and grow;
But now, on earth below
We ne'er again may meet :

Thy earthly life is o'er;
Still, in a brighter land
Thy beauty may expand
And bloom for evermore.

I loved thee ! and thy spell
Of life seemed all too brief;
But vain are tears and grief,
So, Lilian, fare thee well !

LITERARY FABLES:

FROM

THE SPANISH OF IRIARTE.



LITERARY FABLES.

THE MUSICAL DONKEY.

I WILL not tarry to invent,
But tell my tale, no matter how,
As it occurred to me just now
By accident.

A donkey, thoughtfully intent,
The lovely verdant fields passed by
That bloom in my vicinity,
By accident.

And as he walked, his wise head bent,
A shepherd's rustic flute he found,
Left there forgotten on the ground
By accident.

Approaching then quite close, to scent
What lies so handy to his nose,
Unconsciously through it he blows
By accident.

As through the flute the air was sent,
It naturally came out again
Attuned to a melodious strain
By accident.

The ass, in some astonishment,
Exclaimed, "They quiz me when I bray;
'Tis wonderful how well I play
By accident."

With rules of art, with wit to invent,
Sometimes the very wisest fail,
While jackasses hit the right nail
By accident.

THE ELEPHANT, AND OTHER ANIMALS.

IN distant lands, and days of yore,
When brutes could speak who speak no more,
An Elephant, accounted sage,
Perceived that in that early age,
Among the beasts, as well as men,
Abuse had crept in, ay, e'en then,
Worthy of great reform; and he,
Desiring much to remedy
The evil ways to which they leaned,
A conference at once convened.
He bowed his trunk to all around,
And then began, with doctrine sound,
A fine harangue, composed with art,
And which he'd also learned by heart.

A quarter of an hour, or more,
He probed their hearts unto the core;
Of silly faults a thousand blamed,
Of customs vile a thousand shamed,

Their noxious sloth, their arrogance,
Their envy, and their ignorance.

With lips apart, and pleased surprise,
Were some who deemed his counsels wise ;
The gentle Lamb, the faithful Dove,
The Butterfly, hovering above,
The Pointer true, the skilful Bee,
The Linnet, all dexterity,
The Ant, careful for days of need,
And last, not least, th' obedient Steed.

But still, of all that audience,
I must confess, a part not small

At his wise words took great offence,
And vowed he should not speak at all :
The hungry Wolf, the Tiger wild,
The Censor loud and long reviled ;
But of them none such pains did take
To wound, as the venomous Snake.
With murmurs hoarse, but still suppressed,

The Drone, and idly buzzing Fly,
And Wasp, and Hornet, joined the rest

Of malcontents ; while, as if shy
Of what the Orator might say,
The Caterpillar crept away,
Locust and Cricket in his wake.
Seeing no better course to take,
The thievish Marten sickness feigned ;
The Fox dissembled, and remained,
While the Ape, more a knave than fool,
Turned every thing to ridicule.

Then calmly viewing all the “muss,”
The Elephant concluded thus:—

“This my advice has been addressed to none
Especially, and yet to every one:
Those who feel guilty, by its course should steer,
And those who don’t, it will not harm to hear.”

Ye who my Fables chance to read should know
A thousand different nations’ faults they show;
And not alone to my own Spanish folks,
But to you *all*, have I addressed my jokes;
Nor yet to early bygone times alone
Do they refer, but likewise to our own;
For these defects which I have noted here
Were prevalent of old, and still appear.
Their foibles, not mankind, I strive to hit,
Nor any individual accuse;
If any find herein a cap to fit,
He’s welcome though to wear it, if he choose.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE SPARROW.

FOLLOWING the notes that a small organ
played,
The Nightingale one day his own song essayed.
The Sparrow, who happened to pass by meanwhile,
Stopped short at the cage, and spoke much in this
style:
“’Tis really a matter of wonder to me
A bird, who’s so vocally skilful, to see

Who likes, for his master, a scholar to take ;
In fact, I can scarcely believe I'm awake !
For no single note to the organ belongs
That owes not its birth to thy own warbled songs."

"In spite of all that," Philomel then returned,
"If it owes aught to me, from it I too have learned.
For though it has copied my fanciful trill,
'Tis there found amended by Art and by skill ;
And soon thou shalt see a wild Nightingale's strain,
When guided by Art, may perfection attain."

Should the learned scholar study spurn ?
No !—who knows most, most needs to learn !

THE GOOSE AND THE SERPENT.

ONCE, on the margin of a pond,
A Goose thus cackled, boastfully—
"Heaven has endowed me far beyond
All others with ability :

"Lord of the water, earth, and sky,
With powers subservient to each whim,
I walk, or spread my wings to fly,
Or, if the fancy takes me, swim !"

A Serpent, who had heard all this,
And who was reckoned very wise,
Then claimed attention with a hiss,
And said :—"Allow me to advise :

“ Since that, with all your boasted skill,
You cannot, like the wild Buck, leap,
Or with the Falcon soar at will,
Or, like the Barbel, swim the deep,

“ Adhere to this advice of mine,
Rare and important—mark it well:
Never in *all* things aim to shine,
But yet in something to excel.”

THE MAGPIE AND THE MONKEY.

A CERTAIN Magpie,
One certain fine day,
An Ape very sly
Addressed in this way:

“ Just come home with me,
I pray you now, do;
Of fine things you’ll see
I’ll show not a few.

“ You know how I steal,
And then in what way
Fine jewels conceal;
So come now, I pray,

“ For at your behest
They’ll all be revealed.
Behind an old chest
My booty’s concealed.”

The other replied,
 "I'm willing to come."
And so, side by side,
 These two sought her home.

Then Madam Magpie
 Exposed forth to view
A garter or tie
 Of bright-colored hue ;

A wondrous large hoop
 From a lady's skirt ;
A buckle, to loop
 The same from the dirt ;

Together were stored
 A comb, half broken,
The hilt of a sword,
 A coin, and a token ;

A handle, quite old,
 Once part of a knife ;
A sheath, from the shears
 Of some busy wife ;

Three odd guitar-strings,
 Some gauze, crape, or lace,
And such trifling things
 From out the same place.

Said the Magpie, " See !
 What think you, my Sis ?
Don't you envy me,
 And wonder at this ?

“ I very well know
That none of my kind
Such riches can show
As here you may find.”

Our Ape all things spied :
With a gesture sly
At last she replied
To her friend the Pie :—

“ Bosh ! nonsense ! and stuff !
In all that I see,
Though, sure, there’s enough,
No value can be.

“ Before you stands one
Excels you by far,
In whose treasures none
But the useful are.

“ Examine my jaws !
Beneath them—look in—
A couple of maws
Or a double chin ;

“ ’Twill widen or shrink ;
Whenever I feed,
To eat or to drink,
The first I but need,

“ While, what I reserve
Against want, I stow,
You’ll please to observe,
In this space below :

“ While your foolish brains
On such rubbish are bent,
With old rags for your pains,
My time is well spent :

“ I’ve nuts and candy,
And filberts and meat,
Useful and handy
Provisions to eat.”

And will you not own
That the Monkey shy,
Who addressed the Pie,
Meant not her alone ?

No ! her oration,
It seems so to me,
Was rather to ye
Whose ostentation

Consists of confused,
Heterogeneous
Scraps—if ingenious,
Not fit to be used.

THE BEE AND THE DRONES.

THE Drones all met upon a certain day,
Having on serious matters much to say ;
And every one a different plan devised,
By which their laziness might be disguised,

How, with a name from ugly stigma clear,
Before the other animals they might appear ;
The idlest even said they'd undertake,
Or well or ill, some honey-combs to make ;
But then unwonted labor was so hard,
The swarm so inexperienced, all might be marred.
They thought their enterprise not quite secure,
And so, to gain their end, and make all sure,
They had recourse to a forsaken hive,

From whence they fetched the carcass of a Bee
Who had been noted, while she was alive,

For her dexterity and industry.

With honorable pomp and great display

They then performed her funeral obsequies,
And hummed and buzzed over her lifeless clay

Immortalizing her with eulogies :

How skilfully the honey sweet she wrought,
How the soft wax she made was ever sought ;
Lauding her deeds, they vainly praised their own,
At which a Bee exclaimed, with spiteful tone,

“Is that, then, all the work you undertake ?

“I pray ye, brethren, your buzzing stop ;

“I'm sure, of all the honey that I make,

“It never will be worth one single drop.”

How many try to pass themselves for learned,

By quoting from the dead and truly great ;

Pompously deeming their own laurels earned,

They quote—but do they also imitate ?

THE VIPER AND THE LEECH.

“**A** LIKE we wound,” thus, to the simple Leech,
The Viper one day said, “and man will trust
Your mouth’s correction, yet, if in the reach
Of mine, regards it ever with distrust.”

“That’s true, my dear, but then observe we wound
So differently,” the bloodsucker replies—
“I, when I bite the sick man, make him sound;
You bite the most robust, and then he dies.”

Kind reader, list a passing word from me:

Though many censure, it depends on how ’tis done;
For wide I take the difference to be
Between the useful critic and the spiteful one!

THE TRAVELLER AND THE MULE OF
AQUILER.

SATED with barley and with hay,
A certain Mule of Aquiler,
Starting from the innyard one day,

Began at such a rate to tear,
Scarce could the traveller succeed
To hold him in with all his care.

He never doubted, at such speed,
His half day's journey soon to make,
When somewhat slower went the steed ;

The false one e'en began to take
Every step slower than before :
“ Can he do this for mischief's sake ?

“ Gee up ! you will not stir ? in store
I've kept the spur—how now ?—in vain.
I really fear he'll throw me o'er.

“ This switch so thin may give some pain ;
Still less ?—well, then the goad I'll try ;
But perhaps he's tired—I must abstain.

“ What ! you will bite and kick so high,
And e'en against your rider turn,
And cut such capers up and shy ?

“ My tightening legs shall make you learn.
Not yet ? by all the sainted men !
I wish old Nick had you to burn.”

At last he's on the ground—“ Well then !
And you could run so fast at first ?
The glanders end your life—Amen !

“ Long as I live, may I be curst
If such a mule I trust again ;
Who fast begins yet ends the worst !”

Since that mishap, I view with pain
 An author's first productions penned,
 With phrases high-sounding and vain.

Thus I address him then :--“ My friend,
 You venture overmuch ! beware !

Or yours will be the the shameful end
 Of that famed mule of Aquiler !”

THE WALLFLOWER AND THE THYME.

I'VE read, but can't say where, in prose or rhyme,
 The Wall-flower thus the flowering Thyme
 In the botanic language once addressed,
 And craftily her sentiments expressed :
 “ Poor Thyme ! may God ever thy guardian be !
 It grieves me sadly when I look on thee ;
 Though sweeter than all other plants around,
 Thou scarce canst rise a hand's breadth from the
 ground.”—

“ My dear,” replied the Thyme, “ I'm small, I know,
 But I without the help of others grow,
 And pity *you*, who could not thrive at all,
 Despite your boast, unaided by a wall !”

Some who depend on others' works I see,
 Who yet great authors deem themselves to be,
 Because they take some notes, or make a rhyme ;
 To such applies this fable of the Thyme !

THE ERUDITE MILLIONNAIRE.

THERE lived in gay Madrid a millionaire
(Folks said he had more gold than brains),
Whose house magnificent with objects rare
Was beautified, with lavish pains.

“It’s quite a pity, after all you’ve spent,”
A friend observed to him, “that you
No library should have; an ornament
So useful, fine, and needful too.”

“Truly,” he answered, “your idea ’s sublime,
That I ne’er thought of it is strange;
That chamber at the north—there still is time—
I will for it at once arrange.”

“Let from the cabinet-maker result
Capacious book-shelves fitly wrought,
Whate’er the cost, and then we will consult
About the books that must be bought.”

“Now we have shelves enough, all fit to use,
But,” said this good man, wondrous wise,
“For me, two thousand volumes now to choose
Is truly no small exercise:—

“’Twill craze me quite; the outlay won’t be small,
And ’tis the labor of an age;
Perhaps ’twere better to procure them all
Of pasteboard, with fictitious page;

“Yes, truly, so I will! and wherefore not?

I have a dauber who can write
Labels, like gilded parchment, on the spot,
Fit to deceive the keenest sight.”

Hands to the work! many a volume rare
The painter to his order made,
Modern and ancient; beside them with care,
Several manuscripts were laid.

The silly man kept each fictitious tome
So constantly before his sight,
That he acquired, at length, the names of some,
And thought himself quite erudite.

What more want those who, tho' they feign to read,
Of books can but their titles tell.
False painted pasteboard ones, for all they need,
Would surely serve them just as well.

THE BIG BELL AND THE LITTLE ONE.

IN a certain cathedral, quite famous of old,
The bell but on solemn occasions was tolled,
And loudly and slowly 'twas there heard resounding,
Just three or four strokes, never more; 'twas as-
tounding.

In size it exceeded the usual measure,
And all folks esteemed the great bell a great trea-
sure.

The city held under its wide domination
A poor wretched village of small population,
Whose chapel and belfry looked old and forsaken,
And might for a hermitage well have been taken ;
A tiny cracked bell, though hung high in the middle,
Which swayed unmolested, and played the first
fiddle.

In order the minster to imitate nearly,
The populace settled in conference, merely
Quite slowly and rarely their small bell to tinkle,
And, having adopted this very cute “ wrinkle,”
In a very short time, all the villagers deemed
Their own little bell the big bell that it seemed.

How similar the gravity of those
Who rarely condescend their lips t’unclose,
Thinking that, if they only ape sagacity,
’Twill hide their own lack of capacity !

THE BEAR, THE MONKEY, AND THE HOG.

A BEAR who, for a Piedmontese,
Had gained a living in the street,
Essayed, with strong desire to please,
A half-learned dance upon two feet :

And wishing much the man to play,
Said to a monkey :—“ Prithee, tell
Me how I dance—the truth now, pray ?”
The Ape, a savant, said :—“ Not well.”

“’Tis evident,” the Bear replied,
“You do not wish to flatter me;
You think then that the step I tried
Was not accomplished gracefully?”

The Hog, who happened to be there,
Cried out—“Bravo! well done! encore!
A dancer of such stylish air
I ne’er have seen, nor can see more!”

Now, when our Bear had heard this praise,
Both the opinions to compare,
He paused a while, in some amaze,
And then exclaimed, with modest air:—

“When first the Ape began to blame,
I must confess, some doubts I had;
When the Hog praised, I soon became
Quite sure my dancing must be bad.”

Each author who aspires to fame
Should for his motto take this verse:
The work is bad that wise men blame,
But what fools praise is surely worse.

THE HOUSEMAID AND THE BROOM.

A CERTAIN Housemaid swept the room,
But with a dirty besom far from new,
And she exclaimed, “Plague take the broom,
Which only leaves its dirt and bits and flue,
Fast as it sweeps around,
And therefore rather soils than cleans the ground.”

The botching that some writers make
And think that they correct ! why surely ten
Times greater are the errors in their wake
Than could be found before—for gentlemen
Like these I'll nothing write—
The Housemaid has expressed my feelings quite !

THE TWO PARROTS AND THE PAROQUET.

FROM St. Domingo, where they had been caught,
A lady two fine talking parrots brought;
This isle's half French, half Spanish, as you've heard,
So, in a different lingo spoke each bird.
Both being placed on the same balcony,
A very Babel seemed the place to be ;
In horrid jargon there they talked so fast,
That neither language could they speak at last.
The French bird from the Spanish some words took,
To tell the truth, the number was but small ;
The Spaniard almost his own tongue forsook,
And from the French bird borrowed nearly all.
Now, when their Mistress was of this informed,
And had them parted, the French bird reformed ;
No longer used the words that he had learned,
And e'en a language out of fashion spurned ;
Our Spanish Parrot, on the other hand,
Kept up a gibberish none could understand,
And e'en maintained that every foreign phrase
Added to his own language dignity and grace.

There is in Spain a dish composed of peas,
Et cetera, called "olla," there much sought,
And if our Spanish Parrot wanted these,
It was in French he'd call to have them brought.
A Paroquet, clever and erudite,
Who lived on a veranda opposite,
At this burst forth into a hearty laugh
Of ridicule at the pedantic calf;
And he retorted, to affront and pain,
"You're nothing but a Purist, that is plain!"
"Ah! now," said she, "you truly honor me,
To own I speak my tongue with purity."

How often men, like parrots, too repeat
The foreign words of any fool they meet.

THE APE AND THE SHOWMAN.

THE father Valdecebro, famed of old
For the veracious histories he told
Of animals, taking such pains
To paint them to the life, as turned his brains,
Who of the unicorn has much to tell,
Believing of the phoenix bird as well
Such marvels as would truly make us gape,
Relates (I don't remember in what book,
But in the eighth or ninth—you'd better look)
This story of a certain famous Ape.

The fellow many a dexterous trick had learned,
For with a showman famed his bread he earned,

And so, his master being out one day,
He asked some animals, good friends of his,
To come, that they might be the witnesses

Of the chief monkey tricks he could display.
He first astonished them by shamming dead ;
Then, dancing on a rope, he quickly sped
Like harlequin, and took, with agile spring,
The perilous leap through the iron ring ;
He vaulted, balanced swords, of naught afraid,
The Prussian manual exercise essayed,
And many another fine accomplishment ;
But, to crown all, his mind was fully bent

On doing all he'd seen his master do,
And that the soirée might be quite complete,
He thought he'd offer, as a final treat,

The magic-lantern's varied scenes to view.
His neat exordium preparatory
Drew all regards upon his laboratory ;
Behind the lantern then he took his stand,
And turned the glasses o'er with dexterous hand,
Explaining, as 'tis usual to do,
Each painted figure as he passed it through,

With glib and eloquent loquacity.
Dark was the room, as usual in such cases,
But though the bystanders, with eager faces,

Listened and looked, soon his veracity
They 'gan to doubt, for nothing could they see
Of all the Ape described so wordily,
Suspecting that he'd fooled them for a game :
The monkey too felt nigh to die for shame,
But Master Peter suddenly returned.
When he the full particulars had learned

Of all that then and there had taken place,
With semi-comic, semi-serious face,
He said, "You blockhead! if your lamp wants light,
Words won't explain, though you may talk all night!"

Ye subtile followers of the lofty Nine,
Who think a style obscure must needs be fine,
Pardon me that I say—"however bright
Your genius be, it lacks all, wanting light."

THE SILKWORM AND THE SPIDER.

A SILKWORM wrought with anxious care her
glossy cone;
A Spider quickly weaved his fragile thread the
while,
And his companion thus addressed with mocking
smile
(By which his silly pride was all too plainly shown):
"What think you of my web? my lady Silkworm,
say!
Commenced this very morn, yet ere Sol's noontide
ray
Kisses the dew-drops from the glittering net 'tis
done!
Behold how beautiful! how fine each thread is
cast!"
The Silkworm then contemptuously replied: "My
son,
Your work is wondrous fine! by far too fine to
last!"

THE TWO RABBITS.

FROM out its snug retreat,
Where sheltering bushes grew,
Hunted by fleet-limbed dogs,
A rabbit wildly flew ;

But a companion, who
Had spied him on his way,
Rushed from his hole with—"Stop,
Friend, what's the matter, pray ?"

"Matter enough," quoth he ;
"Here am I, out of breath,
While at my heels two greyhounds
Are chasing me to death !"

"Not greyhounds," he replied ;
"You surely think I'm blind !"
"What then ?"—the other answered,
"Two foxhounds run behind."

"Foxhounds ! why don't you say
My Grandfather is there ?
Greyhounds, very greyhounds,
Yes ! that they are, I'll swear !"

"Pshaw ! they are, but foxhounds,
You know not what you say."
"They're greyhounds !"——"No ! they're not,
I see them plain as day !"

While they dispute, nor deem
Delay with danger fraught,
The dogs arrive; and lo!
Our rabbits both are caught.

This fable is for those who oft neglect
Questions of grave import
For trivialities; I hope they may
Apply it as they ought.

THE SPORTSMAN AND THE FERRET.

WITH rabbits laden as his game,
And nearly dying with the heat,
A sportsman from a distance came
At evening, towards his home, with weary feet.

He chanced to meet upon the road,
Close to the spot where he did dwell,
A friend, who near him too abode,
So of his luck that day began to tell.

“Throughout the day I’ve had to toil,”
He said, “but then ’twas not in vain,
For never any better spoil
Did I obtain, nor can I hope again;

“’Tis true that, from the early morn,
The fierce sirocco on my back
Not without suffering was borne,
But see these fine young rabbits in my sack!

“I tell you, friend, and will repeat,
 Apart from pride and vanity,
In all this district you will meet
 No sportsman who has more ability !”

A Ferret who, as it appears,
 To this discourse, quite unobserved,
Had listened with attentive ears,
 From a cork cage, which as his dwelling served,

Thrust through the net his pointed snout,
 And to his master said :—“I pray,
On this affair you speak about,
 Allow me just two little words to say :—

“If truth were told, which of us two
 Is he who has the most endured ?
Why, but for *me*, not even *you*
 Had all these rabbits and fine game secured.”

Some folks may be inclined to think
 That, after all this lecturing,
The sportsman would be nigh to sink
 For very shame : but it was no such thing ;—

Unmoved he stood : like scribes who gain
 Materials for all they write
From others' brains, and yet disdain,
 Ingrates ! their benefactor's name to cite.

THE MOLE AND OTHER ANIMALS.

SEVERAL little animals,
All walking on four feet,
In order blindman's-buff to play,
Once on a time did meet :

There was a Puppy and a Fox,
Also a Mouse—that's three—
A Hare, a Squirrel, and an Ape,
I reckon six to be.

The Ape it was hoodwinked them all ;
Of that assembled band,
None could attain the clever tricks
Accomplished by his hand.

The noise they made in frolicking,
A Mole, it seems, had heard ;
“ Ah ! ” he exclaimed : “ I'll join that fun,
I will, upon my word ! ”

He begged admittance to their sport ;
The Monkey to his whim
Polite agreed—he thought, no doubt,
To make some sport of him.

The Mole some twenty false steps made
Ere he his way could find,
For on his eyes there is a skin
Which renders him quite blind.

So, at the very earliest round,
As any might have thought,
He at his comrades' mercy lay,
And easily was caught.

It now became his turn to play
The blind man, and to start;
And which among them all could be
Fitter to take the part?

He, cunning his defect to hide,
Then to the Monkey said:
"What do you wait for? bind, I pray,
The bandage on my head!"

He who is blind, and knows it too,
May make believe to see,
But will the Fool who knows he's one
Own his deficiency?

THE ANT AND THE FLEA.

SOME folks possess a kind of tact
Of seeming every thing to know—in fact,
Whatever they may hear or chance to view,
Of extraordinary or of new,
They call it "Simple—trifling, on the whole,"
And nothing ever venture to extol.

These sort of people shan't escape me, though,
Upon my word, in such a way,
And if I waste thereon a day,
My fable's current o'er their luckless heads shall flow.

Once to a Flea an Ant tried to explain

How much she labored, and how well,
Industrious her living to obtain.

About the ant-hill she had much to tell ;
What part for dwelling served, and what for grain ;
How in the transport of the corn, their food,
They all united for the common good ;
Of other things so curious made mention
They seemed to be like fabulous invention,
But ev'ry day's experience had shown
Their truth might be accredited and known.

To every particle of her discourse

The Flea agreed, and nothing else replied
But these or some such words:—"Oh, yes ! of
course—

I understand—'Tis not to be denied—
That's what I always said—Quite clear—No doubt—
There's nothing rare in all you talk about."

The Ant, who was provoked beyond all measure

By these replies so curt, said to the Flea :—
" 'Twould give me, my dear friend, the greatest
pleasure

If to the ant-hill you would come with me,
And, with the tone of wisdom that you take,
Which all things simplifies and renders plain,
A sample of your skill you'd undertake,
By which we may some useful hints obtain."

At this, the Flea just slightly hopped aside,
Yet with the greatest impudence replied :—

“Why, but the merest trifle that would be!
And could you fancy it would trouble me?
It all depends on starting the right way;
But I’m engaged—I’ll come some other day.”

THE GARDENER AND HIS MASTER.

THERE was a garden full of flowers,
Where a large fountain played and fell,
Filling a tank with silvery showers,
Where carp and tench and other fish could dwell.

The gardener, with especial care,
A constant irrigation kept;
So for the tank was naught to spare,
And the poor fishes had no water left.

The master, seeing this, reproved
Him, feeling very much annoyed;
For, though he flowers dearly loved,
To feast on fish he also well enjoyed.

Strictly the gardener obeyed—
The plants he watered now no more;
The stupid fellow felt afraid
To drain the tank, as he had done before.

After a time the master came,
And found his flowers dry and dead;
The gardener was again to blame,
So he addressed him in these words, and said :—

“My man, ne’er water overmuch,
Or I deprived of fish may be;
Nor of *them* let your care be such
That here, barbarian, no flowers I see.”

The moral certainly is somewhat trite,
Yet I repeat it here, to show
He should not write who does not know
The useful and agreeable to unite.

THE TOAD AND THE OWL.

HID in the trunk of an old hollow tree
A modest Owl abode,
But a glimpse of his body chanced to be
Seen by a passing Toad.

“Halloo! you solitary hermit there,”
’Twas thus the reptile said—
“Let’s see if you’re ugly, or if you’re fair;
Put forth, I pray, your head.”

“I do not pride myself on youthful grace,”
He from within replied,
“And seldom therefore dare to show my face
Ere Sol’s last ray has died.

“And you, who your gentility display
To all who chance to look,
Had better also shun the light of day
In some such shady nook.”

How few among the authors we have had
This good advice would take !
We always publish, whether good or bad,
Every book we make,

Which perhaps were better hid on dusty shelves.
Mark, comrades, the result—
Rather like puffed-up Toads we show ourselves,
Than Owls, howe'er occult.

THE FLINT AND THE STEEL.

THE Flint once with great cruelty of heart
Treated the Steel, who, but on sparks intent,
Had slightly wounded him by accident,
And while he was still suffering from the smart,
He angrily proposed that they should part.
The other then exclaimed, in some dismay,
“In God’s name let us still together stay ;
Without me of what value can you be ?”—
“Of quite as much as you are without me !”
The Flint replied, in his hard, snappish way.

The grave example that I’ve given here
Is one by which each author who would write,
And fails with natural talent to unite
Laborious study, should henceforward steer.
The Flint could never make his light appear

Without the Steel's assistance, that is plain ;
Thus e'en the brightest parts essay in vain
To shine without the great auxiliar, Art,
While, if they should attempt to work apart,
Both would alike in uselessness remain.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE HORSE.

A SQUIRREL was remarking
A noble fiery steed,
That, docile to the spur and rein,
Galloped with regulated speed ;
Seeing the movements that he made,
Swift as they were, were all controlled by rule,
Less with civility than ridicule,
After this fashion then he said :
 “My dear Signor,
 At your vigor,
 Your celerity
 And dexterity,
 I've no surprise ;
 For so likewise
I've done myself before—and e'en perhaps much more.
 I am bright,
 Active, light ;
 Very brisk
 I can frisk ;
 Work ascending
 Or descending ;
That's all the same to me—quite still I ne'er can be.”

Then slackened the good Horse his pace,
And to the Squirrel he
Replied as follows, with some grace
And formal dignity :
“ All these turnings
And returnings,
Perturbations
And gyrations,
Tell me, I pray,
Dear friend, if they
Are of the least utility ?
Although I moil,
Not vain the toil ;
My power I know,
And well bestow,
And Master serve,
Since I observe
It sharpens my ability.”

Some authors that we meet
Might with the Squirrels well be placed—
Since but on trivial works they waste
All their natural heat.

THE PARROT, THE THRUSH, AND THE
MAGPIE.

A THRUSH, who had a talking Parrot heard,
Resolved from him, instead of man, to learn,
And, after one attempt, pronounced each word
Quite clearly—as he thought—so in his turn

Gave the Magpie, on more than one occasion,
Some lessons in the art of conversation.

The Magpie thus became just as proficient

As those who deem their knowledge quite sufficient
Obtained from copies, or a bad translation.

THE FROG AND THE HEN.

AS in her slimy pond a croaking Frog reposed,
The cackling of a Hen she heard,
And said, "Good gracious! sister, I had ne'er supposed

You such a noisy neighbor, on my word!
With all this clatter, what's the news, I beg?"—
"Nothing; I but announced I've laid an egg"—
"Only an egg! and yet so loudly signalized!"

"Only an egg! yes! you are right;
At this you wonder, Madam, yet I'm not surprised
To hear you croaking day and night.
I publish something good that I produce,
But *you'd* best hush! you're of no earthly use!"

THE MACAW AND THE MARMOT.

PERCHED on a belvidere, looked down
A gay Macaw;—he chanced to see
How a most strange, outlandish clown
(Who but a Savoyard could be)

An ugly animal displayed,
Yet for the same some money got ;
So strange a thing he viewed dismayed !
(*We* know 'twas but a poor Marmot.)
The little brute walked from his chest,
And from the balcony the bird,
In some such words as these, addressed
Him then :—" Oh, fancy most absurd !
Ugly thou art, and yet men pay
Their money but to look on thee,
While, handsome as I am, all may
For nothing gaze their fill at me.
A precious animal to show
Thou certainly must be, no doubt ;
It is enough for me to know
Thee mercenary—that I scout."

An Author of much foolish trash,
Hearing this, slunk away in shame ;
And why ?—A publisher's hard cash
Alone he wrote for—not for fame.

THE OX AND THE CRICKET.

ONCE, when a faithful Ox was at the plough,
A Cricket, who was singing near him, said :—
" Gracious ! you've made that furrow crooked now !"
" My lady," was the answer that he made,
" Were not the *other* furrows even, how

Could you perceive the crookedness of this ?
I serve my master well, and he, for all
The good I do, pardons an error small !

Were you less lazy 'twould not be amiss !”

Who was it criticised, and whom, I ask ?
A Cricket, an Ox equal to his task :

But has the Critic, who delights to hiss
And rail at faults in works that merit praise,
Perceived the moral that my tale conveys ?

THE BEE AND THE CUCKOO.

“**H**USH, Cuckoo ! hush that endless song,”
Exclaimed an ever-busy Bee,
“Or else, within the apiary,
My work will never get along :

“I’m sure there’s not another bird
With voice monotonous as thine ;
Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! however fine,
Grows tiresome when naught else is heard.”

“If this my never-varied strain
Fatigues you so,” the Cuckoo cried,
“Surely, it cannot be denied,
I of your cells, too, may complain ;

“ They are alike, both large and small ;
I no new cadences have trilled ;
And you a hundred cells may build,
You’ve but the one old shape for all.”

To this replied our friend the Bee :—
“ No great variety’s required,
Nor even much to be desired,
In works of mere utility.

“ If a work destined to amuse
Should no variety contain,
’Tis good for nothing, that is plain,
And one that I should never choose.”

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

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DEATH AND HIS MINISTER.

(SAMANIEGO.)

KING Death determined to elect
A Premier, or high minister of state,
And one desired to select
Who'd make the kingdom flourishing and great.

Fever, Decline, and Gout, he said,
I know, and truly must confess,
Diseases stand me in good stead,
And all most sterling qualities possess:

The Cholera, I think, would be
A minister that none could match,
Yet no! 'twere useless, for I see
The world has *now* of doctors quite a batch.

Moreover, wherefore choose from these?
To pay them twice is not my aim,
Who fleece their patients as they please.—
Some Vices came the vacant place to claim,

Urging good reasons for their suit;
 King Death considered, and due weight
 Attached to them, so, being cute,
 He made Intemperance first lord of state.

RESIGNATION.

(Spanish.)

EACH Spring-tide, for some ten successive years,
 Found me an innocent and happy boy;
 A mother's fond devotion crowned my joy,
 And my fair brow with kisses and sweet tears:
 How often then I said, on bended knee,
 "Sweet mother, ah! how dearly love I thee!"

She died—and then my young and tender heart
 Withered and drooped like an autumnal flower.
 I saw Elvira—loved—and one blest hour
 We took the vows that death alone may part.
 Her bright soul beamed on mine, whence light had
 flown;
 "I love thee well," I said, "my life, my own!"

Her too I lost—God bore my bride away.
 I raved, blasphemed, and swore—how vain!—I
 heard
 At length a little voice—a pleasant word
 That a sweet lisping infant strove to say;
 And then I cried, as the sweet lips I pressed:—
 "Angel of peace! her child, I yet am blessed!"

Beneath sepulchral dust those loved ones rest ;
 Life is a desert—whither shall I fly ?
 I shout, I call, but there is no reply ;
 My fainting soul lies frozen in my breast.
 “Faith and Religion, cheer me now—I come—
 I bless thee, Lord—pardon, and take me home !”

Thus to a harp, whose sweet chords charmed the ear,
 The noble bard breathed forth his mournful lay,
 And down his aged cheek there rolled a tear,
 As on the air his accents died away.

FROM THE FRENCH.

(Free Translation.)

WE met—we parted—three long months have
 flown
 Since thy dear hand last kindly pressed my own ;
 Three months ? it seems to thy poor friend an age,
 In whose sad heart consuming fires rage !
 Hast thou, too, felt a languor o’er thee steal,
 Such as my poor tried heart is wont to feel ?
 A dreamy sadness—a distracted mind—
 Dost feel thy eyes with sudden tears grow blind ?
 In the repose and silence of the night,
 Come there not dreams of painful, strange delight ?
 Pensive and sad, when to the glare of day
 Succeeds the star of eve’s pale, silv’ry ray,
 My wandering soul explores the realms of Hope,
 Yields to voluptuous Fancy’s boundless scope,

And drains her tempting cup: quick through my
veins

Its poison steals, and o'er my senses reigns:
Then come, ecstatic dreams—would they were true!
Alas! they're all the bliss I ever knew.
Thy name I murmur—for I ever keep
Thee in remembrance—even when I sleep,
Methinks that thou art near, and that I see
Thee smile, rejoicing in my love for thee.

A WINTER'S RIDE.

(SCHWAB.)

[Lake Constance is sixteen leagues in length, four in width, 350 fathoms in depth; it is but seldom entirely frozen over. The incident which forms the subject of this ballad occurred in 1695.]

YONDER horseman rides through a valley
bright,

The sunbeams shine over the snow-plain white,
And onward he toils through the icy snow;
To-day to Lake Constance he fain would go.
By boat with his horse he intends to ride,
And land safe ere night on the other side.
He flies o'er the fields on his sprightly steed,
O'er the glistening path at his utmost speed;
Away from the mountains to even land,
Where smooth lies the snow as the finest sand;
Here village and town seem to end—and wide
And flat is the course o'er which he doth ride.
The trees and the rocks are all far behind,
Nor a mound nor a house his eye can find;

And thus for a mile or two riding fast,
The wild-goose's cry comes athwart the blast.
No other sound is there to reach his ear
Save that of the water-fowl flutt'ring near;
No traveller he meets on that lonesome way
To show him the road, if he chance to stray:
Still on o'er the velvet-like path of snow—
Ah! when will the lake's shining waters flow?
Then twilight o'ershadows the evening clear,
And twinklings of far-distant lights appear;
And tree after tree from mist seems to glide,
While mountains close in all the prospect wide.
Perceiving a strong and a thorny bank,
He claps his sharp spurs to the horse's flank;
Then, barking, rush forth all the village dogs.
Invitingly glow the hearth's crackling logs:
"Fair maid at the window, good e'en to thee—
Canst tell to the Lake how far it may be?"
The maid with amaze the horseman did view;
"The Lake lies *behind* thee! the boat's there too;
And were it not lying ice-crust'd o'er,
I'd think thou hadst stepped from it safe to shore!"
The stranger, shuddering, the fact denied—
"Behind is the plain on which I did ride!"
The maid raised her arms to Heaven in fear—
"Great God! o'er the Lake thou hast ridden here.
That bottomless gulf did the mad hoof leap,
And knock at the door of the fearful deep.
Didst not vex the waters by deed so rash,
Nor break their thick rind with a fearful crash;
And did not the hungry pike's silent brood
Below the cold flood seize on thee for food?"

She calls the villagers the tale to hear—
They come, the youths by the maidens stand near,
And mothers and grandsires assembled there
Say, "Fortunate man! thank thy God with prayer.
Come in; by the fire stands the steaming dish;
Partake of our bread and eat of our fish."
The horseman grows stiff on his horse from fear,
For only the first words had reached his ear;
His hair stands erect—his heart stops its beat,
The danger still grins close behind his feet,
And naught he perceives save the frightful brink,
He seems in the darksome abyss to sink.
The thundering crash of the ice even now
He thinks to hear, and cold sweat bathes his brow;
He groans, he sinks from his horse to the ground,
On Lake Constance's shore a dry grave he found!

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE days pass by in one continuous stream,
They pass away and leave no trace,
But from my soul naught can efface
Love's latest and its sweetest dream.
It ne'er has vanished from my sight,
The sun's bright beam returns each day,
Yet darkness robs us of his ray,
But in my love there is no night.
It floods my soul with light, and says, rejoice;
I see thee in the desert—in the storm;
Even the waves reflect me back thy form,
And every zephyr whispers in thy voice.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

(ZEDLIK.)

AS midnight's hour resounds,
The drummer leaves his tomb,
Makes with his drum the rounds,
Slow pacing in the gloom,

And with his fleshless arm
He grasps the drumsticks too,
And beats the loud alarm,
The reveille and tattoo.

How strangely rolls that drum !
Waked by its powerful sound,
The old dead soldiers come
In numbers from the ground :

Those from the distant North,
Stiffened in ice and snow ;
Those, too, from Spain come forth,
Where Sol's rays scorch and glow.

Those 'neath the Nile's cold shrine,
And Arabia's burning sand ;
From out their graves they climb,
With weapons in their hand.

Just as midnight's hour is past,
The trumpeter leaves his grave,
Through the trumpet blows a blast,
To summon the fallen brave.

Upon their coursers strong
The buried knights of old,
Whole squadrons pass along,
And gory weapons hold.

The white skulls seem to grin
Under their helmets bright;
Their bony hands, so thin,
Still grasp their swords aright.

When the twelfth hour has sounded,
The general leaves his grave;
And slowly rides, surrounded
By his staff of chosen brave.

His hat is plain and small,
His dress shows naught of pride,
And a plain sword is all
That dangles at his side.

The moon's pale beams light that
Broad extensive plain;
The man with the little hat
Reviews his troops again.

The lines their guns present,
And then they shoulder arms,
And the midnight air is rent
By that warlike host's alarms.

The marshals and generals slow
Close round their chief press near,
Who to the nearest quite low
Whispers a word in his ear.

The watchword makes the round,
From one to the other goes by;
"France" is that whispered sound—
"St. Helena" is the reply.

Such is the grand review,
When the twelfth hour has tolled,
In th' Elysian fields anew
Dead Cæsar comes to hold.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

(UHLAND.)

HAST thou seen the high castle?
That castle by the sea?
Golden and rosy-tinted,
The clouds above it flee.

Fain 'twould, methinks, be bending
To the crystal flood below;
Fain 'twould, methinks, be rising
To the clouds' bright evening glow.

Well have I seen that castle
High towering by the sea,
The moon above it standing
Encircled mistily.

The winds and the waves of ocean,
Brought they a gladsome sound?
Didst hear, in those halls so lofty,
Harps and gay song resound?

The winds and every billow
In deepest silence slept,
A dirge from the halls resounded—
I heard it, and I wept.

And sawest thou up yonder
The Monarch and his Queen,
The crimson mantles waving,
The golden crown's bright sheen?

Led they not forth with rapture
A lovely maiden there,
Resplendent as the sunbeam
Glittering in auburn hair?

Well saw I both those parents,
But no bright crown they wore;
Black were their robes of mourning,
The maiden was no more.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

(SCHWAB.)

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, Granny, Mother,
and Child,

In one close room the summer day beguiled;
Child with its toys, Mother on dress intent,
Grandmother spins, Great-grandmother sits bent
And idle by the stove, in cushioned chair:
—How sultry and oppressive is the air!

The Child speaks:—"To-morrow's a holiday;
Then in the meadows I'll ramble and play;

Then will I skip from valley to hill,
And pluck the wild flowers my basket to fill:
Ah! how I delight in the shady wold!"
—Heard ye the thunder that threatening rolled?

The Mother speaks:—"To-morrow's holiday
We'll meet our neighbors all in bright array;
I too a gay and festive dress prepare—
Life has its pleasures, if it has its care:
The season's fine, the sun will shine like gold."
—Heard ye not how the thunder threatening rolled?

Granny speaks:—"To-morrow's a holiday,
But Grandmother never has holiday;
For clothes she must spin, and food must prepare—
Life yields her nothing but labor and care:
It is bright to the young, it is dark to the old!"
—Heard ye not how the thunder threatening rolled?

Great-grandma speaks:—"To-morrow's holiday!
'Twere best it laid me low beneath the clay,
For I cannot joke and sing any more,
Nor labor and spin, as I used of yore;
For me there's no joy, no use in the world."
—Saw ye the thunderbolt where it was hurled?

They heard not, they saw not the bolt as it came,
For the room where they sat is wreathed in flame:
Great-grandmother, Granny, Mother, and Child,
Together were struck by the lightning wild.
Four souls in one second were swept away;
—And the morrow comes, and 'tis holiday.

THE SHEPHERD'S SABBATH SONG.

(UHLAND.)

THIS day the Lord hath blessed,
Alone am I on this wide plain,
The morning bell rings once again,
Then stillness, peace, and rest.

I bend th' adoring knee :
Emotion sweet ! dread mystery,
Methinks a host, invisibly,
Kneels worshipping with me.

The sky, from east to west,
To me seems strangely bright and clear,
As if 'twould ope, and heaven appear,
This day the Lord hath blessed.

TO THE CHOSEN ONE.

(GOETHE.)

HAND in hand, and lip lip meeting,
Dearest maiden, bide thou true.
Fare thee well, the hours are fleeting,
Rocks thy love must travel through ;—
Storms once past, if, when the haven
Bless at length his straining eyes,
Far from thee he seeks his Aden,
Him may all the gods chastise.

Half is now my work fulfilled,
Stars as suns to me give light,
Won already, though fresh willed,
But to idlers is it night.
Near thee, sweet, I too might idle,
But, alas! thou'rt far from me,
Sorrow acts as spur and bridle,
And I labor but for thee.

I've already found a valley,
Where we'll wander side by side,
And a stream we'll often sally
Forth to watch at eventide.
These bright fields by poplars shaded,
In the grove the beechen tree,
Ah! ere yet their leaves have faded,
There our dwelling too shall be.

THE ALPINE ROSE.

ON the heights there blooms a flower,
Far from earth-born grief and care;
There the earliest sunlit hour
Softly tints its bosom fair.
Yes! its home is high and lonely,
But no clouds obscure its skies,
There it blossoms, and there only—
Torn from home the flow'ret dies:
Sheds its perfume, and there only,
Far transplant it, and it dies.

Heaven this rose a charm has given :
He who near it has been born,
From its side can ne'er be riven,
From these heights can ne'er be torn.
Should he haply think of earning
Fame abroad, like others roam,
Soon his heart is filled with yearning
For his distant mountain home,
An undefined, anxious yearning
For the Alpine rose's home.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

(SCHILLER.)

THE storm-clouds drift,
The oak-woods roar,
The maiden sits
On grassy shore.
There breaks the wave with might, with might,
Yet there she sighs i' the darksome night,
Her bright eyes dimmed with bitter tears.

“My heart is dead,
The world is drear,
And now can yield
Naught I hold dear.
Thou Holy One, thy child recall,
Life's fleeting joys I've tasted all,
I've lived and loved in the bygone years.”

The course of tears
Doth flow in vain,
No moaning wakes
The dead again.
But say what best can heal, console,
Love's pleasures gone, thy yearning soul,
And Heaven the boon will not deny.

“Let, then, these tears
All vainly flow,
Although the dead
Heed not my woe!
For next to love's bright vanished bliss,
The lone heart's sweetest joy is this,
To weep o'er happiness gone by.”

SECOND SIGHT.

(REINECK.)

THE gamekeeper went to a festive meal,
The poacher into the wood to steal.

His wife and his child left sleeping alone,
In their chamber small the moon brightly shone.

And as it gleamed on the wall so white,
The child clasped its mother's hand in affright.

“Ah! mother, wherefore stays father so long?
I'm sad, and fearful of something wrong.”

“'Tis the moon shines bright on the window-pane,
Child, close thy eyes and sleep again.”

The moon shone on till its silvery light
Fell on the gun, ever polished and bright.

“O! mother, O! mother, I heard a shot—
But from father’s gun it surely came not!”

“Child, watch not the moonlight on the floor,
’Twas but a dream, so sleep once more.”

And the moonlight flooded the chamber small,
The father’s portrait looked pale on the wall.

“Lord Jesus in Heaven, be with us this night,
O! mother, poor father is deadly white.”

When mother and child arose from their bed,
The father was home, but they brought him dead.

POETRY.

(SCHILLER.)

NO cell can hold, no chain can fetter me;
My kingdom is the boundless realm of thought;
I swing thro’ space untrammelled, light, and free,
My work by aid of swift-winged words is wrought;
All that in earth or heaven lies concealed,
Nature’s mysterious works for good or ill,
To me must be unveiled and clear revealed,
For nothing bounds the Poet’s art and skill;
Yet greater beauty can I never find,
Than in a lovely form—a lovely mind.

DEPARTING.

(HEINE.)

THE yellow foliage trembles,
The leaflets are falling around,
Alas! the sweetest and dearest
Must fade and be lost in the ground.

The highest trees of the forest
Are lit up with a cheerless ray,
The last sad kiss of the summer
On Earth's brow ere passing away.

I strive to refrain from weeping,
But sad thoughts my heart overpower,
For this scene awakes the mem'ry
Of our own sad parting hour.

I left thee—I left thee dying,
I knew it, alas! to my grief,
I was the departing summer,
And thou wert the poor fading leaf.

WHERE IS THAT LOVELY MAID?

(HEINE.)

SAY, where is that lovely maid
Of whom you once so sweetly sang,
When love's flames like magic played
Around the heart from whence they sprang?

Ah! those flames have ceased to burn,
My lonely heart is dark and cold,
And this volume is an urn,
The ashes of my love to hold.

THE STARS.

(MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS.)

I OFTEN midnight vigil keep,
When toil is o'er,—and gaze,
While in the house all others sleep,
On heaven's stars' bright rays.

As here and there in groups they lie,
Like lambs upon the plain,
Or in festoons across the sky,
Like pearls strung for a chain ;

They twinkle brightly far and near,
They sparkle clear and still,
I see how glorious they appear,
And cannot look my fill.

Methinks beneath this heavenly world,
My heart says in my breast,
There's something better in the world
Than pleasure or unrest.

I cast me wakeful on my bed,
Nor can repose control ;
With longing and mysterious dread,
I seek it in my sonl.

THE QUEEN AND THE PAGE.

(HEINE.)

THERE was an aged king
Whose heart was cold, whose hair was silv'ry
gray ;
The foolish aged king
Took a young wife one day.

There was a handsome page,
Bright was his soul—like gold his soft hair's sheen ;
Her silken train the page
Bore for the fair young queen.

Know'st thou the ancient lay ?
It sounds so sweet, yet with so sad a knell ;
Death ruthless bore away
Two hearts that loved too well.

REST.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

HEART! thou hast throbbed so wildly in this
breast,
Heart! thou hast much endured—say, when comes
rest ?
The sun and stars, in youth's tempestuous day,
Alike were greeted by thee with deep joy,
Thou wouldest all things bravely then essay,
And yet in all was naught without alloy.

Old art thou now—and trembling, pallid fear
Has overtaken thee ; we never hear
That Time his swiftly fleeing chariot stays,
Or backward turns. Askest thou when comes rest ?
'Tis when the worm, after a few brief days,
Shall burst the shell where now it lies compresed.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

HOW many quiv'ring leaves has life's fair tree !
Some to the fibres eaten by the worm,
Some by the caterpillar greedily
Devoured, others laid prostrate by the storm ;
Others again are blistered by the gall ;
Let us not pause to reckon these, nor e'en
To count how many yet remain in all
Their beauty on the bough, still fresh and green ;
We only need rejoice, and in life's tree,
Spite of decay and storm, deem ourselves blest ;
Since for poor wanderers like thee and me,
It still affords some shade where we may rest.

AT NIGHT.

THE stars' small golden feet in countless numbers
Wander above me timidly and light ;
Perchance they fear to break the earth's sweet slum-
bers,
As she lies cradled in the lap of night.

The silent forests listening seem to stand,
All the green leaflets like attentive ears,
The mountain, with its outstretched shadowy hand,
As if 'twere dreaming, too appears.

But whence that sound? within my heart's recesses,
Why do those tones wake echoes of delight?
Is it *thy* voice my soul with joy impresses,
Or but the warbling of the bird of night?

HOPE.

(SCHILLER.)

MANKIND never cease to talk and to dream
Of happier days yet in store,
Towards one bright goal, with its golden gleam,
They are running for evermore;
And the world grows old and grows young again,
While something better man hopes to obtain.

For Hope attends from life's earliest hour—
O'er the frolicsome boy doth wave—
She allures the youth with her magic power,
And leaves not old age in the grave.
Though man's weary course with his life be o'er,
From his very grave Hope rises once more.

It is no empty and idle desire,
That has sprung from a foolish brain;
The heart declares that for something higher
We were born, and may still attain;
That voiceless monitor's silent control
Never yet has deceived the hopeful soul.

THE ERL-KING.

(GOETHE.)

WHO rides so late, through night so wild ?
It is a father, with his child ;
He holds the boy well in his arm,
He clasps him safe, he keeps him warm.

“ My son, why hid'st thou thy face in fear ?”
“ Seest thou not, father, the Erl-King near—
The Erl-King with his crown and train ?”
“ Child, 'tis a cloud of misty rain.”

Thou darling child, come go with me,
Such lovely games I'll play with thee ;
Many bright flowers are on the strand,
My mother's garments are golden and grand.

“ Ah ! father, dear father, canst thou not hear
What Erl-King whispers so soft in my ear ?”
“ Be still, keep quiet, my child, 'tis the breeze
Rustling the dry leaves of yonder dark trees.”

Say, lovely boy, wilt come with me ?
My daughters kind shall wait on thee ;
My daughters nightly dances shall keep—
They'll rock, and dance, and sing thee to sleep.

“ My father ! my father ! and seest thou not
The Erl-King's daughters in yonder dark spot ?”
“ My son ! my son ! I quite plainly behold
The quivering boughs of a willow old.”

I love thee, I'm charmed with thy beauteous form ;
Since thou'rt not willing, I take thee by storm.
"Ah, father! dear father! he holds me fast—
The Erl-King has wrought me evil at last."

The father shudders, rides faster and wild,
Still clasps his arms round the suffering child ;
The homestead he reaches with pain and dread,
And ah! in his arms lies the fair child—dead.

THE DIVISION OF THE WORLD.

(SCHILLER.)

I.

"TAKE ye the World," cried Jove, from his high
throne ;
"To man this goodly heritage I give ;
Take it, from henceforth it is all your own,
To share, and brotherly therein to live."

II.

Then hastened to partake each busy hand,
And young and old together eager came ;
The farmer seized the first fruits of the land,
The lordling hunted through the woods for game.

III.

The merchant took all that his stores would hold ;
The abbot chose the last year's finest wine ;
The king the bridges and the streets controlled,
And said, "I claim the tenth of all as mine."

IV.

Quite late, when the division long was o'er,
The poet from remotest distance came ;
Alas ! where'er he looked was left no more
A spot to which no master laid a claim.

V.

“ Unhappy me ! am I forgot alone,
And of all others, I, thy truest child ?”
He cast himself before Jehovah's throne,
Lamenting loudly, and with accents wild.

VI.

“ If thou didst in the land of dreams delay,”
Replied the god, “ then wrangle not with me.
Where wert thou when I gave the world away ?”
The poet answered, “ Lord, I was with thee.

VII.

“ Entranced, upon thy countenance I gazed,
Heard naught save harmony of heavenly birth ;
Forgive the soul that, by thy glory dazed,
Forgot in Heaven that he belonged to Earth.”

VIII.

“ What can I do ?” cried Jove. “ The World, to give,
The harvest, chase, or mart, no more is mine,
But if thou wilt with me in Heaven live,
Come when thou wilt, 'tis free to thee and thine.”

REMEMBRANCE.

(F. MATTHISSON.)

I THINK of thee
When, from the tree,
The bulbul's singing
Each zephyr's bringing;
When thinkest thou of me—of me?

I think of thee
Where, lingeringly,
Sol quits the mountain,
By shady fountain;
Where thinkest thou of me—of me?

I think of thee
With ecstasy,
With tear-drops burning,
With anxious yearning;
How dost thou think of me—of me?

Oh! think of me
Till bright stars see
Our happy greeting!
Afar—or meeting,
Think I alone of thee—of thee!

THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER.

(HERDER.)

SIR OLUF rides by day and night,
Guests for his wedding to invite.

Flits o'er the grass an elfin band,
Erl-King's daughter reaches her hand:

"Welcome, Sir Oluf, joy to thee;
Step in our midst and dance with me."

"I dare not dance—I cannot stay,
To-morrow is my wedding-day."

"Listen, Sir Oluf; dance with me,
Two golden spurs I'll give to thee;

"A silken shirt, both fine and white,
My mother bleached by Luna's light."

"I cannot dance, I must away,
To-morrow dawns my wedding-day."

"Tarry, Sir Oluf, dance with me—
A heap of gold I'll give to thee."

"Your heap of gold, fair lady, keep—
I must not dance, my bride would weep."

"Then, if thou wilt not dance with me,
Sickness and sorrow follow thee."

She struck him then upon the heart ;
Ah ! never felt he such a smart ;

She raised him on his horse :—" Now ride,
Now hasten to your much-loved bride."

He rode, and reached his castle-gate ;
His mother, trembling, there did wait.

" Tell me, my son, tell me aright,
Why is thy cheek so wan and white ?"

" Well may my cheek look wan and white,
Through Erl-King's land I rode to-night."

" Alas ! my darling son, my pride !
How can I tell this to thy bride ?"

" Say I am gone, with dog and steed,
To yonder wood, to try their speed."

Next morning, soon as it was day,
Came Bride and guests in fine array :

They quaffed the mead and sparkling wine :
" Where's my Sir Oluf, mother mine ?"

" Sir Oluf went with dog and steed,
To yon dark wood, to try their speed."

She raised the crimson from the bed :
There lay Sir Oluf—cold and dead.

LUCA SIGNORELLI.

(PLATEN.)

THE evening hour drew nigh ;
The Master, as he oft had done before,
His easel then put by,
Yet lingered, on his work to gaze once more.

Then came a noisy crowd ;
Ere Luca could the cause of this obtain,
A pupil cried aloud :—
“ Thy only son—Oh, master ! he is slain !—

“ In early bloom is dead
The fairest youth that e’er the world beheld ;
In beauty’s cause he bled,
But envious strife is ended now, and quelled.

“ Slain by a rival’s hand,
He sank to earth, expired at our feet ;
The holy brothers’ band
Just bore him to the church, as fit and meet.”

Then Luca spoke :—“ Oh, fate !
Have I then lived and labored but for naught ?
My life seemed rich and great—
One moment all to nothingness has brought.

“ What helps it that they call
Me master, and Cortona’s folks delight,
That Orvieto’s hall
Shows my ‘Last Judgment’ to their wondering sight?

“ Nor fame, nor man’s applause,
Protected me, nor inspiration’s fire;
Now first in holy cause,
Thee, Art, I call, and ne’er esteemed thee higher.”

He spoke: nor sighed, nor wept;
Towards the chapel now his footsteps wend,
The tools his hand adept
Selects, gives to the scholars who attend.

Now in the church he stands,
Sees, by the lamp’s pale ne’er-extinguished ray,
The works of his own hands,
Sees his dead son, round whom the good monks pray.

He neither moans nor faints,
Gives to the idle winds no outcry wild,
But calmly sits and paints
The lovely features of his much-loved child.

Paints on till dawn of day,
Turns to the boys and speaks:—“ My work is done;
This will not fade away;
Now to the tomb the priests may bear my son!”

IN SILENCE.

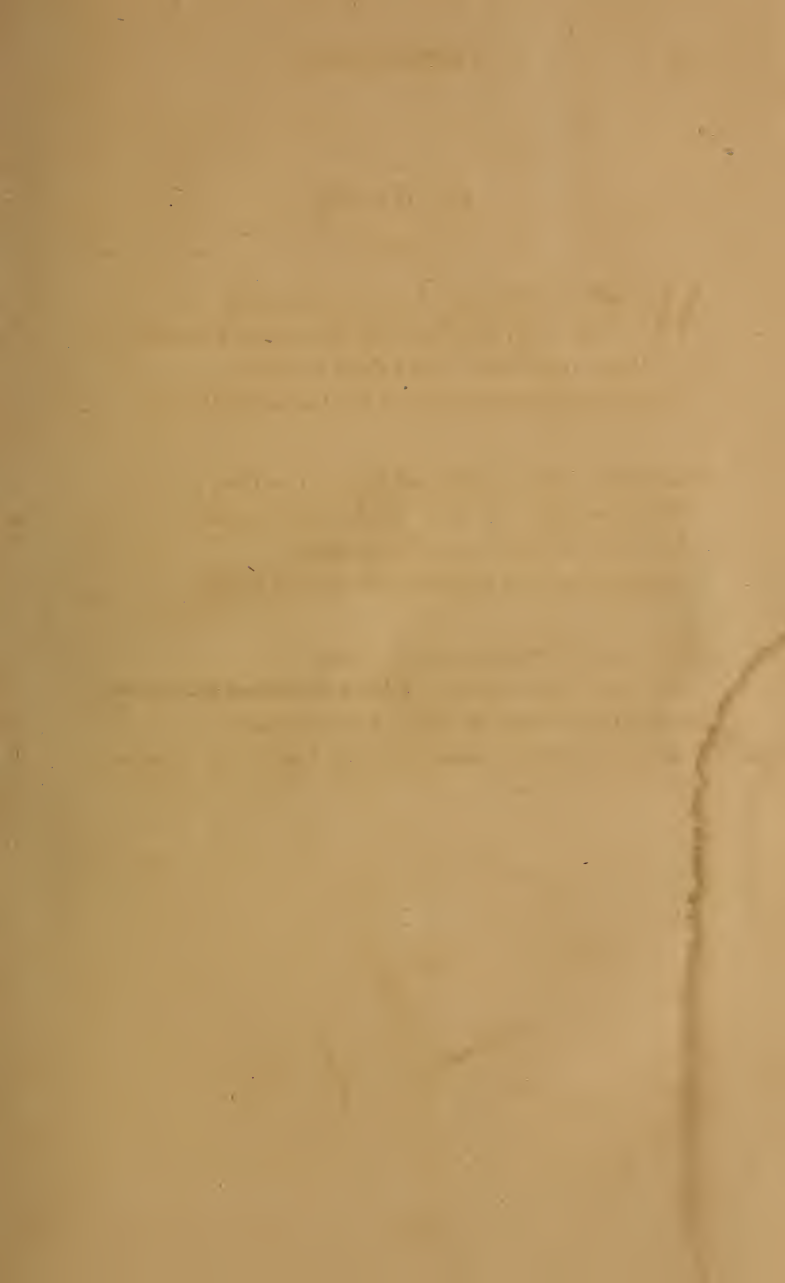
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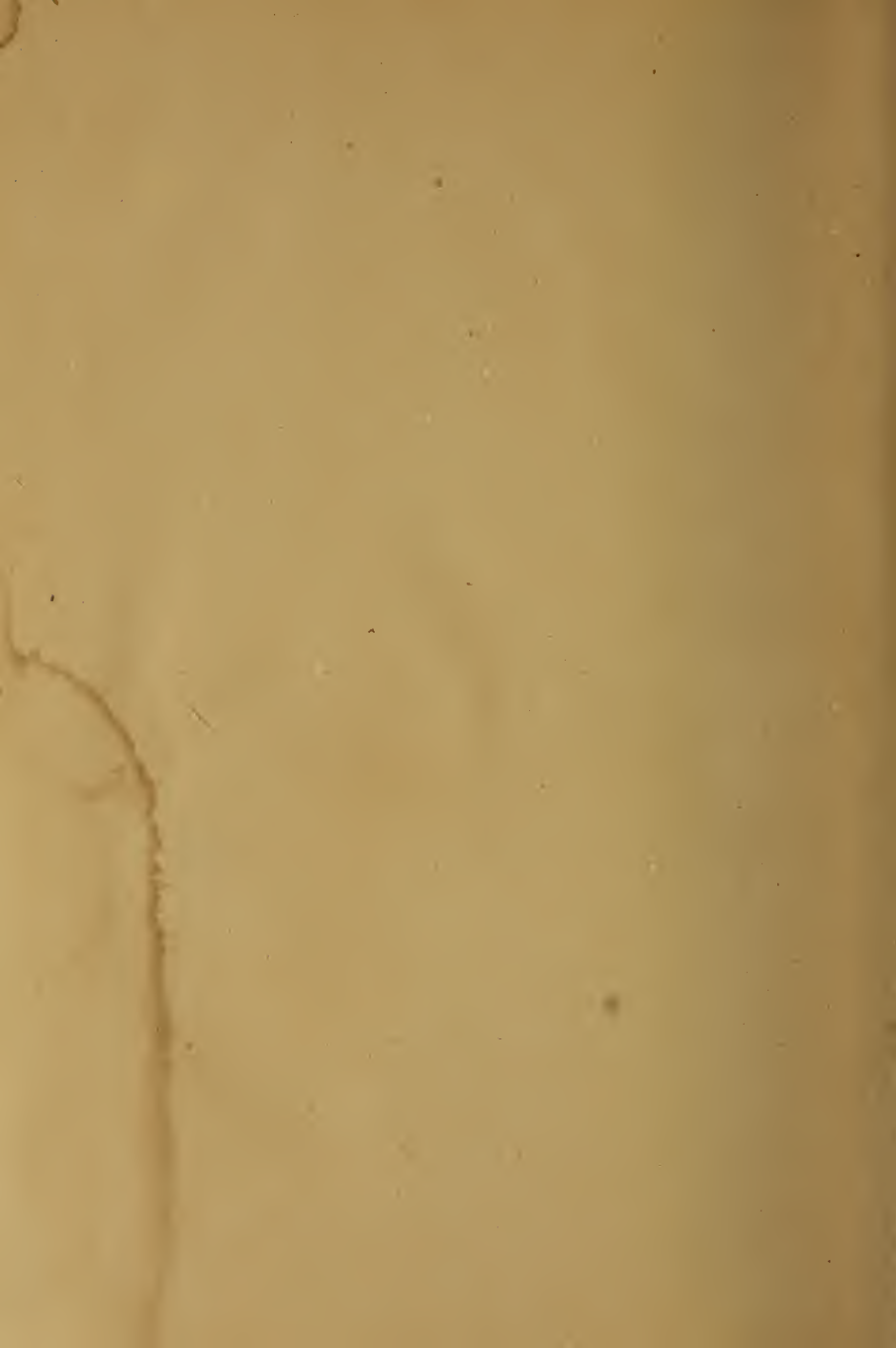
WHEN evening's latest golden ray
Rests on the heaving bosom of the sea,
Ah! then, dear love, 'tis sweet to stray
Under the beech-trees on its banks with thee.

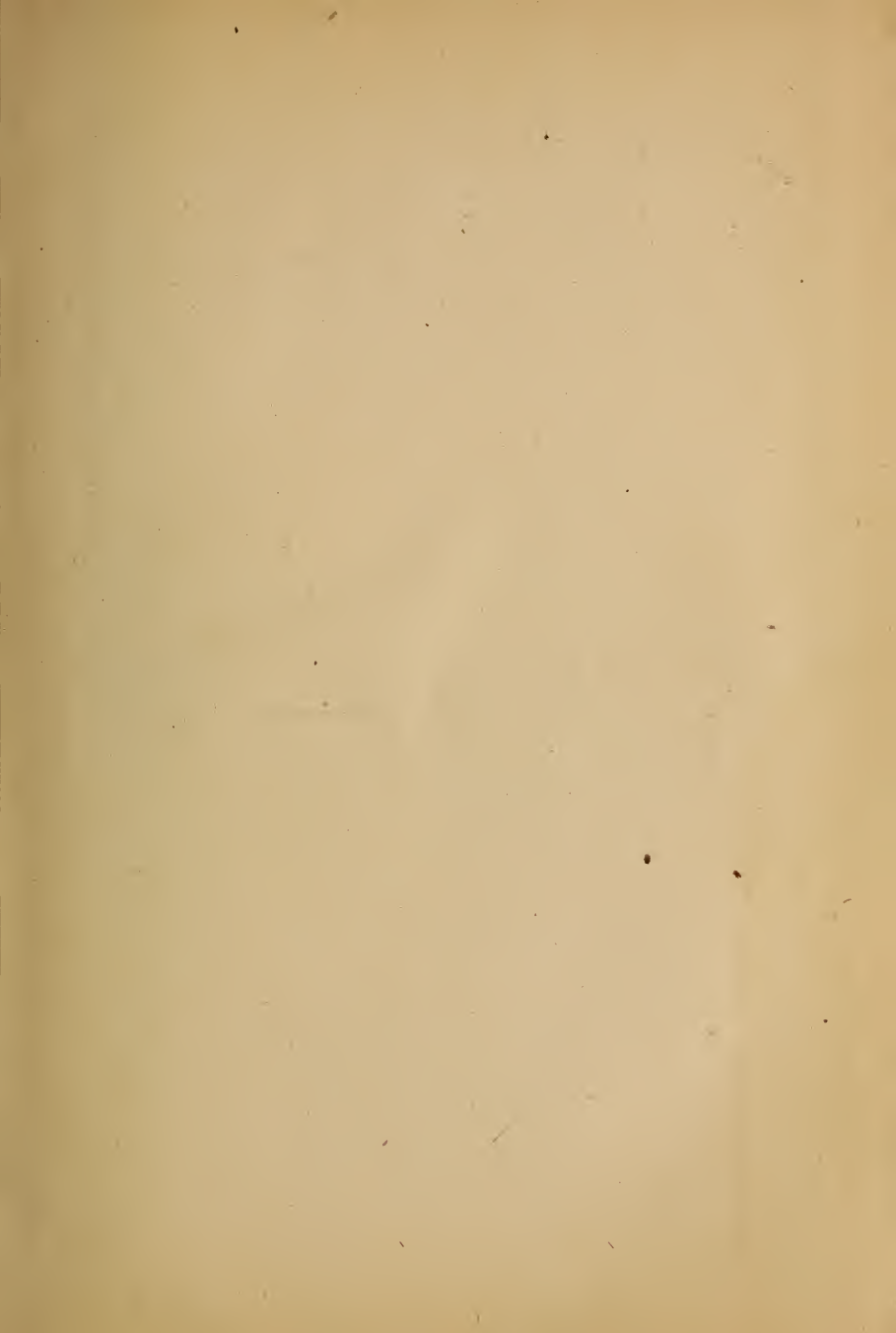
The moon steals forth and lights the deep,
We hear the warbling of the nightingale,
Inhale the breeze, but silence keep;
Our feelings to express, no words avail.

All voiceless is our perfect bliss,
Still are Love's joys; a look returned and given
Speaks more than words; a single kiss
In such a scene, surely makes earth like heaven.

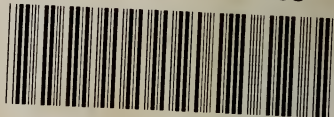
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